

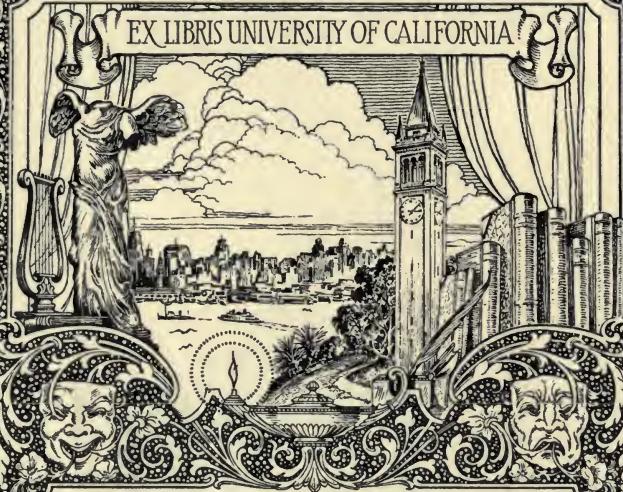


IN
FLANDERS
FIELDS



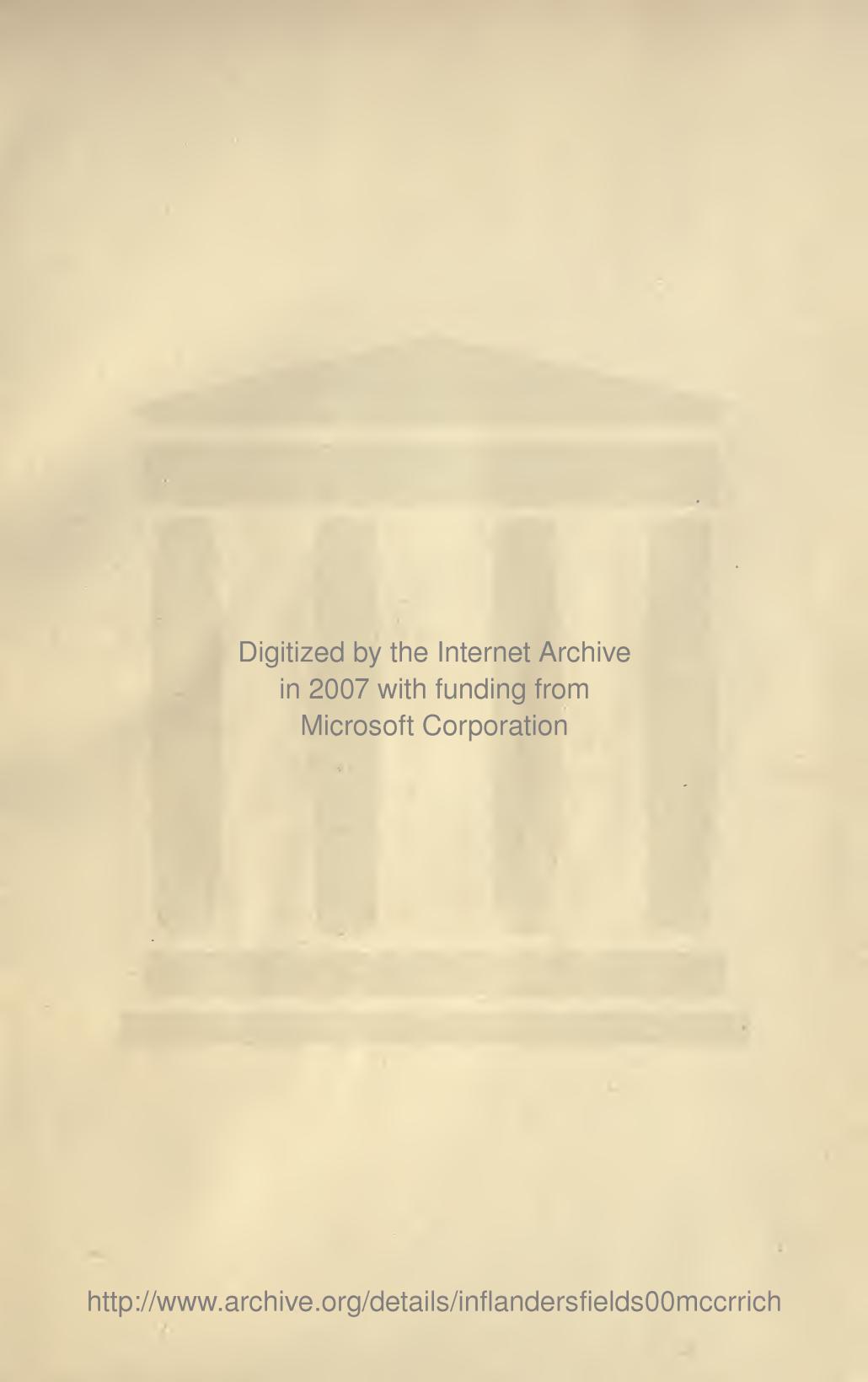
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IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY
LIEVT·COL·JOHN McCRAE M·D
CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

INTRODUCTION BY THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM T. MANNING DD., D.C.L., BISHOP OF NEW YORK

The poem "In Flanders Fields," more widely known than any other born of the Great War, came naturally from the soul of John McCrae. It is significant of the man who wrote it, that he sent this poem to *Punch*, where it first appeared in the issue of December 8th, 1915. * * * John McCrae was a lover of all that is good in human life. His comradeship with horses, dogs and children, his uncompromising devotion to duty, his deep, unhesitating religious faith, are the evidences of a noble nature— which commanded, in rare degree, the respect and the love, of all. Of Scotch Canadian parentage, he came of stock than which the world knows nothing better. * * * * The story of his life shows how his character was formed, and how his fine native powers were trained and developed for full use. *

Physician, soldier and poet he was ready when the occasion came to express himself in words such as we have in these verses. And the occasion came as he bore his part in the World War, in the terrific fighting which marked the second battle of Ypres, for it was there that these lines were written. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

General Morrison writes "The poem was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres Canal, and John had his dressing station in a hole dug at the foot of the bank. During periods in the battle, men who were shot, actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hundred yards, was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the sixteen days of battle, he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus the crosses, row on row, grew into a good sized cemetery. Just as he describes we often heard, in the mornings, the larks-

singing high in the air between the crash of—
the shell and the reports of the guns in the bat-
tery just beside us." ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
John Mc Crae's life was full of interest. His
career in his chosen profession was one of
honour and distinction. Sir Andrew Mc Phail
tells us that his writings "made his name—
known in every text book of medecine." He was
in active service in South Africa during the
Boer War. Enlisting as a private in a Canadian
Artillery Unit, he attained the rank of Major.
The war ended he returned to his medical car-
eer in Canada. From time to time verses of
fine quality appeared from his pen; many of
them in the Magazine of McGill University. ♦
At the outbreak of the World War he offered
himself at once for service and, again joining
the artillery, went to France with the 1st Artill-
ery Brigade of the Canadian Expeditionary
Force. Later, somewhat against his will, he was
transferred to the Medical Corps, where he—
gave such service as few could give. In January,
1918, only a few days before his death, he re-

ceived the high honour of appointment as Consulting Physician to the British Armies in the Field. It is no wonder that "In Flanders Fields" became the poem of the army. It is the poem of all those who understand the meaning of the great conflict, and of the sacrifice made, by those who gave themselves for the right. It is the voice of the dear dead calling on us who live, to see that their sacrifice shall not have been in vain.

May we be true to the call which John McCrae's words, written at that moment of world crisis, bring to us. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

May we never "break faith" with those who lie "In Flanders Fields." ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The victory having been won over brutal and lawless Might, may we win the victory also over all that creates unbrotherliness and ill will among men. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

May the peoples of English speech stand in fellowship and brotherhood, with all who love liberty and justice, for those principles for which they together fought, and for the maintenance of right and peace in all the world. ♦ ♦



Illuminated by Ernest Clegg, late
of the Bedfordshire Regiment
British Expeditionary Force.

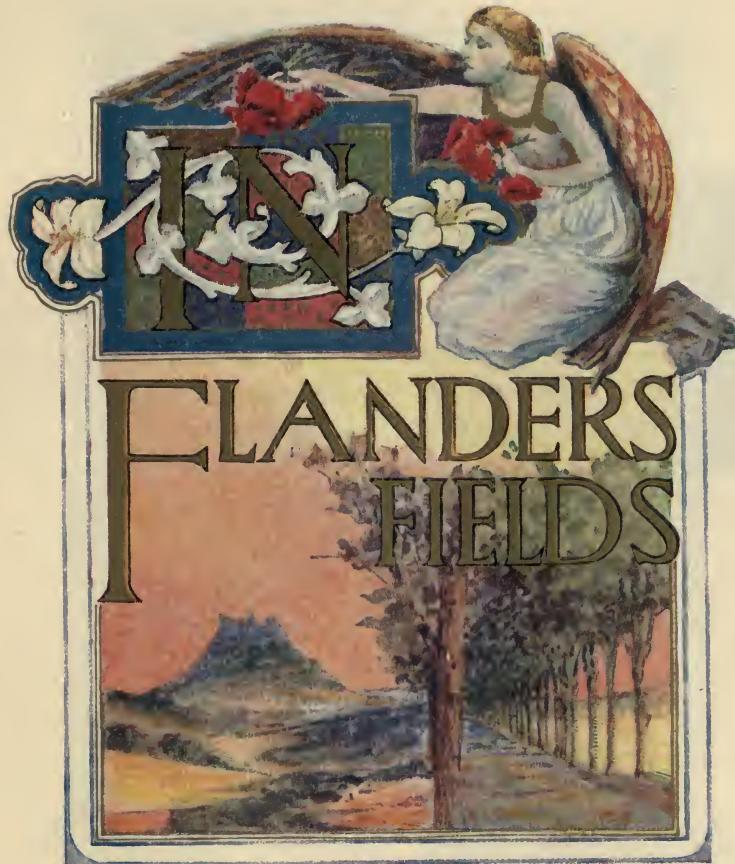
DEDICATED

to those who died in the Great War.

1914 - 1919

City of New York.

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N FLANDERS FIELDS THE POPPIES GROW

Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place & in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below

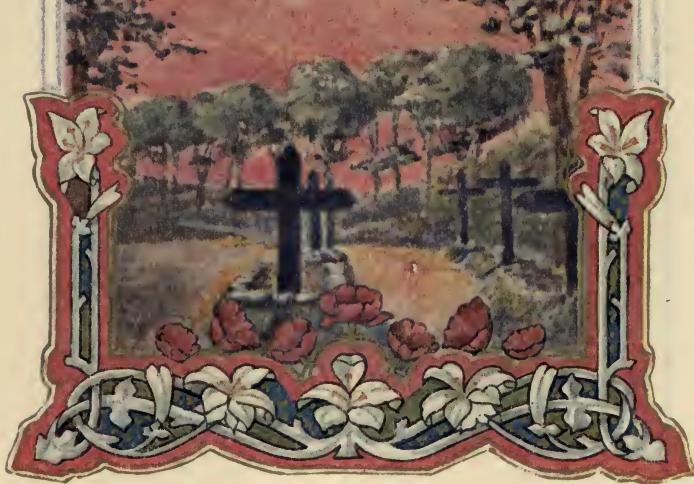




WE ARE THE
DEAD
SHORT DAYS
AGO

We lived felt dawn
Saw sunset glow

Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
IN FLANDERS FIELDS





AKE UP OVR
QVARREL
WITH THE FOE

To you from failing
hands we throw
The Torch, Be yours
to lift it high

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep tho' poppies blow

IN FLANDERS FIELDS



Two hundred and sixty-five—
copies printed by William Edwin
Rudge for his friends. + + +
+ + + Christmas 1921

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